

The wind whips us and we glide  
Until we reach the Other Side;  
And there what joy and wonder wait,  
Inside the port, and past the gate.

Everything that lovely seems,  
Everything you see in dreams,  
All the longings that you feel—  
In Fairyland they all come real!

## IN A PERILOUS FIX

By Grace Leigh.

The strangest noise I ever heard. The house just seemed to be haunted by a ghost who could be guilty of making such an unearthly sound.

"Nonsense!" replied my sister Hattie, with a little nervous laugh. "It's only the wind or a mouse stirring there."

Hattie glanced apprehensively over her shoulder in the direction indicated, quite white and startled.

"How foolish it was of us to think of staying two whole nights in this great old house alone! I wish Cousin Jack were here, for if a ghost were really to make its appearance what should we ever do?"

"I am not so much afraid of ghosts troubling us as I am of robbers. Thank heaven, all the doors are locked, and no one can get in without our hearing them," said I.

During the absence of our parents, who had gone to visit a sick relative living in a neighboring town, my sister Hattie and I had volunteered to stay at home and take charge of affairs until their return. The only person besides ourselves in the house—a great, rambling old structure, with many chimneys and gables and weather-stained porches—was a female domestic, who slept in a remote chamber on the first floor. We went up to our room early in the evening, for we felt a little timid in spite of the often expressed assertion that we were not a bit afraid.

The silver was kept in a small safe in my mother's apartments, which communicated with ours and could not be reached otherwise without going through a long hall, the door of which was both locked and bolted on the inside. The noise that had so startled us was unlike anything I had ever before heard—a kind of stealthy, uncertain rustling, as if made unintentionally and entirely against the will of whatever or whoever it was that occasioned it.

Naturally courageous, and accustomed to acting as well as thinking for myself, I arose, locked the door, dropped the shade, and took a look around the room. No sign of either ghost or robber was to be seen.

"A brave pair we are, I must say," said I, taking a volume of Scott's poems from the table and beginning to read aloud from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," but I had scarcely read three lines before the same low, strange rustling sound was heard again.

Hattie quickly turned and looked inquiringly at the big closet in the corner, the door of which stood partly open. A large, old-fashioned oak chest was in one corner, and above it hung dresses, skirts, wraps and ladies' apparel of all kinds.

"It must surely be a mouse, Grace, for there can't be anything else in the closet," said Hattie, in a frightened whisper.

I got up and flung the closet door wide open and gave the skirts a vigorous shake. I even mounted the old chest and took a prolonged survey of the upper shelves, moving bonnet boxes and drawers and everything within my reach, but mouse there was none, nor any indication that one had ever been there.

"It is very odd," observed Hattie, in a low tone, noting anxiously the result of my search. "I wonder is there truly any such things as spirits?"

"Of course not. We are only a little nervous, for there is really nothing here," and I gave the skirts another shake by way of adding point to my words.

Hattie said no more and I resumed my seat, firmly determined not to again allow my fears to get the better of my reason.

Hattie, after a while, said she would go to bed, and I might have Scott and the ghost all to myself. But it was rather lonely sitting up all alone, so I thought the wisest thing I could do was to follow her example—but not until I had again made sure that the door was locked and had placed a shaded lamp on the stand at the head of the bed.

It must have been near eleven o'clock when I was awakened, not by a sound, for I did not hear any, but by something that seemed like a shadow passing between me and the light.

I sprang up without disturbing Hattie, and looked everywhere about the room for some sign of the mysterious presence, or whatever it was that had so unpleasantly awakened me; but I saw nothing.

A large, muscular hand next appeared, holding up the lid of the chest with noiseless care, and the sight of it aroused within me a mad kind of desperate daring such as I never supposed I possessed. With a wild cry to Hattie to awake, I sprang from the bed, and, with all the strength I was master of, forced down the lid.

"Help! Hattie, quick!" I cried, "or we are lost!"

With a single bound she was by my side, her face as white as a sheet.

"Oh, Grace, for Heaven's sake, what is it?" she gasped.

"A man—a burglar—a murderer, for all I know! Hold hard, for your life!" I replied.

The half-smothered wretch, by a violent effort, succeeded in forcing off one hinge in such a manner as to admit air enough to preclude the possibility of his being suffocated in his strange prison.

Another wrench, and the remaining hinge was started. A second convulsive movement, so violent as to make the stout old chest quiver, and five of my fingers were thrust out in a vain attempt to clutch my throat.

I bore down with all my might, but the terrible hand maintained its advantage, and inch by inch the lid was slowly moved aside until only our united strength held it in place.

Hattie did her best to aid my efforts; but when two glaring black eyes appeared on a level with the fearful face she lost all control of herself and a loud ear-piercing shriek broke from her ashen lips.

The nearest neighbor lived half a mile away. We were utterly alone, and entirely at the mercy of the ruffian in the chest, who, should he escape, would doubtless murder us both and burn the house afterward, perhaps, to hide the double crime.

The thought was appalling, and though she had no hope of help reaching us, Hattie continued to scream at the top of her voice, and every shriek was like that of one in mortal agony.

Hark! Some one was coming! An answering shout from the porch below, a shivering of glass and window sash, and up the stairs, three at a time, came Cousin Jack.

Hattie flew to the door and unlocked it, and then fell to the floor in a dead faint.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Jack, as he entered. "What in the—?"

The man sprang from the chest and made a dash for the door. Jack instantly seized him, clapped a revolver to the villain's ear, and in no gentle tone admonished him to surrender if he did not want to die there and then.

The ruffian, seeing that resistance was of no further avail, suddenly permitted himself to be bound. He did not speak a word, but his glittering eyes told plainly of the fury raging in his heart.

A plentiful use of cold water quickly restored Hattie to consciousness, and as soon as she was able to walk we threw on our wrappers and went out in the hall, where the burglar lay prone on the floor, securely bound hand and foot.

"I happened to be passing the house at the moment and I heard your screams," explained Jack, "so I made all haste to see what was the matter, little expecting to find you in quite so perilous a fix, though I felt sure you must be in some need of help, for never before did I hear such a series of blood-curdling shrieks as those with which Hattie has just been favoring us."

Hattie shuddered, and crept closer to strong, courageous Jack, and not till the next day did we know that the man we had held captive in the old oak chest for two mortal hours, was Nick Billings, one of the most daring burglars of the present generation.—New York Weekly.

**Vegetarians, Beware!**

The secretary of a rural English society for the propagation and advancement of agriculture the other day received this letter:

"Sir—I particularly wish the satiety to be called to consider the case what follows, as I think it might be made transactionable in the next Reports. My wife had Tomcat Cat that day. Being a tortoise shell and a grate favorit, we had him herried in the Guardian and for the sake of the enrichment of the world I had the corks deposited under the roots of a Gorseberry Bush (The fruit being up till then of a smooth kind). But next Season, Frut., after the Cat was herried, the Gorseberries were all hairy, and more Remarkable than Catpirls of the same Bush was All of the same hairy Description."

**Armour's Egg Water.**

The Iowa hen broke up the Armour Egg Trust. Of course, the Illinois hen and the Missouri hen and some other hens helped, but it was the collective hen that did the business. The Armours have been selling their egg-storage establishments in Iowa. At Adel, Perry, Gowrie and several other places they have within a fortnight sold their plants, costing large amounts of money, to private dealers. It is said that the house of Armour has lost a round sum in the big venture. The Iowa farmer takes notice that the Egg Trust collapsed without legislation. Some other combines are going the same way. It does not pay to worry too much about "monopolies."—Burlington Hawk-Eye.

**Something to Think Of.**

Grit is a quality even more desirable than wit.

Life loves best those of her children who laugh.

Ardent lovers don't always make amiable husbands.

Who ever heard of a person being sorry for what they didn't tell?

There is no originality in abuse; all those who don't like flowers call them weeds.

Every man who is hearing the end of his days must regret the worry he has given the false alarms all through life.

Some people can say a good deal and not talk too much, while others say too much when they talk to themselves.

Marriage will be one grand sweet song when somebody invents a way of singing duets as a solo.

**Poorfarm Supported by Grapes.**

The Geary County poorfarm has a vineyard of eleven acres, and the inmates are to be kept busy in the vineyard. The grapes are to be sold for the support of the farm. The inmates are to be kept busy in the vineyard. The grapes are to be sold for the support of the farm.

## GAS AND WATER.

### IS ONE AS NECESSARY AS THE OTHER?

Citizens of Large Cities Say It Is.

New York, June 13.—In the recent agitation here about the price of gas, the demand for lower rates was supported by the argument that every resident is as dependent upon a supply of gas as upon a supply of good water.

It has come to pass that the day laborer uses gas as his only fuel for cooking, because of economy, and the rich man uses gas on account of its convenience. Gas for lighting, with modern improvements in burners, is cheaper, better and more satisfactory than any other kind of light. Gas sells at \$1.00 per thousand cubic feet in large cities, and from that to as high as \$3.00 in smaller towns.

The consumer of gas in the country uses Acetylene (pronounced a-set-ylene), and each user makes his own gas and is independent of Gas and Electric Companies. Acetylene is a more perfect illuminant than the gas sold by the big gas companies in the cities, and the cost to the smallest user is about the equivalent of city gas at 85 cents per thousand.

Acetylene is the modern artificial light, the latest addition to the many inventions that have become daily necessities.

The light from an acetylene flame is soft, steady and brilliant, and in quality is only rivaled by the sun's rays. If water and a solid material known as Calcium Carbide are brought into contact, the immediate result is the making of this wonderful gas. The generation of acetylene is so simple that experience or even apparatus is not necessary to make it. If it is desired to make it for practical lighting, and to keep it for immediate use, then a small machine called an "Acetylene Generator" is employed. There are many responsible concerns making acetylene generators. In practice this gas is distributed in small pipes throughout buildings, grounds or entire cities and towns in the same manner as ordinary city gas. Acetylene is the only satisfactory means of lighting isolated buildings located in the country or suburbs at a distance from city gas or electric plants.

**NERVE SAVED STEVE BRODIE.**

Charley Mitchell Thought Better of Intended Chastisement.

The presence in New York of Mitchell, once boxing champion of England, recalls an incident in the strenuous career of the late "Steve" Brodie, who jumped from the Brooklyn bridge nearly a score of years ago to glory, prosperity and historic fame. Brodie visited London in the early nineties, where Mitchell, playing the part of cicerone one night, introduced the Bowers boy at the Spouteries club, a resort for prize fighters, horse jockeys, and their kind, where the festivities are seldom concluded before daylight and the police have more than once been called upon to restrain merriment.

In the course of a general conversation the English fighter happened to make some adverse comment upon the then mighty John L. Sullivan, which called forth a sarcastic remark from Brodie with reference to Mitchell's abilities as a sprinter while in the ring with the American champion.

With an oath the Englishman gave the smaller man a push that sent him reeling ten feet backward, and then rushed upon him to administer correction for the other's temerity. Brodie was due for a fearful bruising, but the Bowers boy was equal to the occasion. He was erect on his feet with a pistol in his hand when the prize fighter reached him. Putting the weapon under the other's nose, he remarked calmly:

"You 'fink you're goin' to make a reputation off 'lickin' Steve Brodie, don't yer? Well, you just hit me once and there'll be a lot in the papers about it, but you won't read it."

Fully appreciating the inability of post-mortem notoriety, Mitchell explained that he was only joking, and the incident was closed.—New York Times.

**Author's Eccentricities.**

While traveling from Washington to New York recently Ernest Thompson Seton, the animal writer and artist, was seated directly behind two passengers who were discussing literature and the impractical side of men who dabbled in paint and ink. Suddenly, as he relates, he was attracted by overhearing his own name mentioned.

"Take this fellow Seton-Thompson, or Thompson-Seton, whichever his name is this season," remarked one of the men. "According to a friend of mine who knew him in Paris some years ago, he must need a guardian. Why? Listen. He showed my friend around his studio in which, among other things, was a ladder consisting of a row of shelves. On the top shelf were crackers, on the next were sardines, and on the third were a number of eggs on each of which was painted:

"This is cooked."—New York Times.

**Wear Their Babies' Teeth.**

Sig. Mascagni and his wife wear curious fobs on their watches. The fobs are Italian silver pieces, each punctured with six round holes. In Signora Mascagni's these are hung with the five yearly first teeth of her little daughter, and upon her husband's coin are suspended those of one of their sons. "Why not?" said Signora Mascagni, through an interpreter, "they are very much dearer to me than any one's fawls."

In a copy of the Old Farmer's Almanack, printed about 1800, we find the following article on "the prevention and extinction of fires": "Never read in bed by candle light, especially if your bed be surrounded by curtains. Strictly forbid the use of segars in your family at all times, but especially after night. . . . There is good reason to suppose a house was lately set on fire by a half-consumed segar, which a woman suddenly threw away to prevent being detected in the unhealthy and offensive practice of smoking."

**THREE YEARS AFTER.**

Eugene E. Lario, of 751 Twentieth avenue, ticket seller in the Union station, Denver, Col., says: "You are at liberty to repeat what I first stated through our Denver papers about Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1899, for I have had no reason in the interim to change my opinion of the remedy. I was subject to severe attacks of backache, always aggravated if I sat long at a desk. Doan's Kidney Pills absolutely stopped my backache. I have never had a pain or a twinge since."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

## ATE EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM

### Prisoner Stops Trial by Chewing and Swallowing a Forged Check.

The Kings county court was thrown into disorder and dismay, says a Seattle special to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, when the prisoner at the bar, H. R. McTavish, ate all the evidence in the case on trial. McTavish was being tried on a charge of forging a \$15 check. The check lay on the trial table, marked "exhibit A." McTavish sat beside his counsel, who was engaged in cross-examining a witness for the prosecution.

The case was going against McTavish when his eye fell on the check, which was about to be introduced in evidence. Like a half-starved man and with a look of hunger in his eye, the prisoner pounced upon "exhibit A" and chewed it to pulp.

With soulful satisfaction he gulped it down. The prosecution was in consternation, for its main piece of evidence was gone, and demanded that a stomach pump be used forthwith. While the lawyers argued pro and con, the prisoner calmly picked his teeth with a whittled match, plainly the master of the situation. The defense argued that the ball of paper in the defendant's stomach could in no wise be construed as documentary evidence, and that a dismissal was proper.

The case of the state of Washington against H. R. McTavish is now in statu quo pending the untangling of the legal question involved from the defendant's impromptu luncheon.

**"Exclamatory" All Right.**

While the oil excitement was at its height in Texas several years ago John W. Gates put up at a hotel in Beaumont where colored girls are employed as waitresses.

At the dinner table, on the evening of his arrival, wishing to be pleasant to the girl, who had taken great pains to see that he had everything he wanted, he turned to her and said, not knowing whether she was married or not: "How is your husband, Eliza?"

"He ain't much bettah, Sah," replied the girl.

"Oh, then he's been sick. What's the matter with him?" asked Mr. Gates.

"Why, do doctah say he got exclamatory rheumatism, Sah."

"Exclamatory rheumatism? You mean inflammatory, don't you? Exclamatory means to cry out," said Mr. Gates.

"Dat's jes' it, Sah. Dat's jes' it. He do nuthin' but cry out all de time."—New York Times.

**How Spiders Make Love.**

The courtship of the Saltix pulex, a spider, is described by an expert in insect life as a most elaborate exhibition of skill and grace in dancing. Balancing his body on his long legs, he moves in a semi-circle for about two inches, and then reversing the position twists and turns in the opposite direction, repeating this grotesque figure scores of times, and pausing every few minutes to rock from side to side, and to bend his brilliant legs, so that they may be brought into full view of his admiring mate.

A similar display, but with varied antics, marks the love-making of other sorts of spiders, but this manner of courting is not without its risks, and it may often happen that the lively suitor, if he prolongs his performance, or shows off his points of perfection too persistently, is suddenly seized and devoured by his more muscular mate.

**FEED YOUNG GIRLS.**

Must Have Right Food While Growing.

Great care should be taken at the critical period when the young girl is just merging into womanhood that the diet shall contain all that is upbuilding, and nothing harmful.

At that age the structure is being formed and if formed of a healthy, sturdy character, health and happiness will follow; on the other hand unhealthy cells may be built in and a sick condition slowly supervene which, if not checked, may ripen into a chronic disease and cause life-long suffering.

A young lady says:

"Coffee began to have such an effect on my stomach a few years ago, that I was compelled to quit using it. It brought on headaches, pains in my muscles, and nervousness."

"I tried to use tea in its stead, but found its effects even worse than those I suffered from coffee. Then for a long time I drank milk alone at my meals, but it never helped me physically, and at last it palled on me. A friend came to the rescue with the suggestion that I try Postum Coffee."

"I did so, only to find at first, that I didn't fancy it. But I had heard of so many persons who had been benefited by its use that I persevered, and when I had it brewed right found it grateful in flavor and soothing and strengthening to my stomach. I can find no words to express my feeling of what I owe to Postum Food Coffee."

"In every respect it has worked a wonderful improvement—the headaches, nervousness, the pains in my side and back, all the distressing symptoms yielded to the magic power of Postum. My brain seems also to share in the betterment of my physical condition; it seems keener, more alert and brighter. I am, in short, in better health now than I ever was before, and I am sure I owe it to the use of your Postum Food Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

**Railway Rate Legislation.**

At the biennial convention of the Order of Railway Conductors, recently held at Portland, Oregon, resolutions were unanimously adopted voicing their sentiments as to the effect of proposed railway rate legislation on the 1,800,000 railroad employees, whom they in part represented. These resolutions "indorse" the attitude of President Roosevelt in condemning secret rebates and other illegalities, and commend the attitude of the heads of American railways, who, with practical unanimity, have joined with the President on this "question." They then respectfully point out to Congress the "inadvisability of legislation vesting in the hands of a commission power over railway rates, now lower by far in the United States than in any other country," because such regulation would "result in litigation and confusion and inevitably tend to an enforced reduction in rates, irrespective of the question of the ability of the railroads to stand the reduction, especially in view of the increased cost of their supplies and materials."

They further protested against such power being given to the present Interstate Commission because "the proposed legislation is not in harmony with our idea of American jurisprudence, inasmuch as it contemplates that a single body shall have the right to investigate, indict, try, condemn and then enforce its decisions at the cost of the carriers, pending appeal, which is manifestly inequitable."

The conductors base their demand for only such legislation, if any, as would "secure and insure justice and equity and preserve equal rights to all parties concerned" on the ground that the low cost of transportation "is the result of the efficiency of American railway management and operation which have built up the country through constant improvement and development of territory, while at the same time recognition has been given to the value of intelligence among employees in contrast to foreign methods, where high freight rates and lowest wages to employees obtain."

In pressing their claim against legislation adverse to their interests, they point out the fact that "the freight rates of this country average only two per cent. of the cost of articles to the consumer, thus making the freight rate so insignificant a factor in the selling price that numerous standard articles are sold at the same price in all parts of the country."

**Railway Accidents.**

Railway experts are continually seeking means to avoid accidents by insuring thoroughness of construction. A device just coming into use on the English railways is a screw used for fastening the rails to the ties. These are supposed to be screwed home with a spanner, but the workmen were accustomed to hammering them home, saving labor, but decreasing the efficiency of the screw. Now screws are made capped by a cone of soft metal. Two or three blows of a hammer will flatten this cone and result in the detection of the careless employee.—New York Herald.

## TWO OPEN LETTERS

### IMPORTANT TO MARRIED WOMEN

Mrs. Mary Dimmick of Washington tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Well.



Mrs. Mary Dimmick

It is with great pleasure we publish the following letters, as they convincingly prove the claim we have so many times made in our columns that Mrs. Dimmick's first letter:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I have been a sufferer for the past eight years with a trouble which first originated from painful menstruation—the pains were excruciating, with inflammation and ulceration of the womb. The doctor says I must have an operation or I cannot live. I do not want to submit to an operation if I can possibly avoid it. Please help me."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, Washington, D. C.

Her second letter:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"You will remember my condition when I last wrote you, and that the doctor said I must have an operation or I could not live. I received your kind letter and followed your advice very carefully and am now entirely well. As my case was so serious it seems a miracle that I am cured. I know that I owe not only my health but my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to your advice. I can walk miles without an ache or a pain, and I wish every suffering woman would read this letter and realize what you can do for them."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 50th and East Capitol Streets, Washington, D. C.

How easy it was for Mrs. Dimmick to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and how little it cost her—a two-cent stamp. Yet how valuable was the reply! As Mrs. Dimmick says—it saved her life. Mrs. Pinkham has on file thousands of just such letters as the above, and offers alling women helpful advice.

**THE DAISY FLY KILLER**

Destroys all the flies and annoying insects that come in the house—in dining room, kitchen, and all places where they are troublesome. It is a powerful insecticide and will not harm man, woman, or child. It is sold in small bottles for 25 cents. Write for free trial bottle. Address: W. H. WILKES, 140 South Main St., Boston, Mass.

**PENSION FORAGE.**

Write me at once for blanks and instructions. Free of charge. No Pension. No Pay. Address: W. H. WILKES, 140 South Main St., Boston, Mass.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

CURES WHOEVER ALLSISES. Best Cough Syrup. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

## Let Common Sense Decide

Do you honestly believe, that coffee sold loose (in bulk), exposed to dust, germs and insects, passing through many hands (some of them not over-clean), "blended," you don't know how or by whom, is fit for your use? Of course you don't. But

## LION COFFEE

Is another story. The green berries, selected by keen judges at the plantation, are skillfully roasted at our factories, where precautions you would not dream of are taken to secure perfect cleanliness, flavor, strength and uniformity.

From the time the coffee leaves the factory no hand touches it till it is opened in your kitchen.

This has made LION COFFEE the LEADER of ALL PACKAGE COFFEES.

Millions of American Homes welcome LION COFFEE daily. There is no stronger proof of merit than continued and increasing popularity. "Quality survives all opposition."

(Sold only in 1 lb. packages. Lion-head on every package.)  
(Save your Lion-heads for valuable premiums.)

**SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE**

WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.

## Libby's

Natural Flavor

## Food Products

The appetizing flavor and satisfying quality of LIBBY'S FATTED AND DEVILED MEATS is due to the skill of the Libby chefs and to the purity and strength of the ingredients used.

**Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products**

For Breakfast, Dinner and Supper.

Corned Beef Hash	Brisket Beef	Boneless Chicken
Veal Loaf	Soups	Vienna Sausage

They are ready to serve—Your Grocer has them  
Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

## WINCHESTER

### REPEATING SHOTGUNS

No matter how big the bird, no matter how heavy its plumage or swift its flight, you can bring it to bag with a long, strong, straight shooting Winchester Repeating Shotgun. Results are what count. They always give the best results in field, owl or trap shooting, and are sold within reach of everybody's pocketbook.

FREE: Send name and address on postal card for our large illustrated catalogue.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

...the wind whips us and we glide  
Until we reach the Other Side;  
And there what joy and wonder wait,  
Inside the port, and past the gate.

...everything that lovely seems,  
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All the longings that you feel—  
In Fairyland they all come real!

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Hattie glanced apprehensively over her shoulder in the direction indicated, quite white and startled.

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